Then Loue and Fortune be my Gods, my guide,
My will is backt with reſolution:
Thoughts are but dreames till their effects be tried,
The blackeſt ſinne is clear'd with abſolution.
Againſt loues fire, feares froſt hath diſſolution.
The eye of Heauen is out, and miſtie night
Couers the ſhame that followes ſweet delight.

This ſaid, his guiltie hand pluckt vp the latch,
And with his knee the dore he opens wide,
The doue ſleeps faſt that this night Owle will catch.
Thus treaſon workes ere traitors be eſpied.
Who ſees the lurking ſerpent ſteppes aſide;
But ſhee ſound ſleeping fearing no ſuch thing,
Lies at the mercie of his mortall ſting.

Into the chamber wickedlie he ſtalkes,
And gazeth on her yet vnſtained bed:
The curtaines being cloſe, about he walkes,
Rowling his greedie eye-bals in his head.
By their high treaſon is his heart miſled,
Which giues the watch-word to his hand ful ſoon,
To draw the clowd that hides the ſiluer Moon.

Looke